

MISCELLANY.

A BOY'S SONG,
BY THE STRICK SHEPHERD.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

From the Baltimore Minerva.
The Turkey's Leg.

'Tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

A strange title for a pathetic story,
Mr. Editor—yet, I assume it for a very
good reason; stories that have odd ti-
tles are very apt to be read—had I
headed mine, "Mortified Pride"—per-
haps it would stand a fair chance of
passing into oblivion.

I once met with as noble a genius as
was ever moulded out of clay; he was
all heart and soul—he loved his friends,
pitied his enemies, and had a half of
his little store always ready for a fellow
creature in distress. Such choice
spirits are rare commodities now-a-
days in this world of bustle and specu-
lation; when they are met with, we
generally find them to possess a coun-
teracting passion—for where is the
human being that is all perfection?
Edgar Sinclair (this is as good a name
as any) was of an ancient and honora-
ble family; his parents, though pos-
sessing but a very limited fortune, in-
stilled into their son the same aristo-
cratical principles, they had inherited
from their ancestors. He received a
splendid education, the expenses of
which almost impoverished his father,
and when he entered the world he was
obliged to select a profession whereby
he could obtain a livelihood. He chose
the law, as giving a free scope to his
powers of eloquence. A brilliant in-
tellect will not long remain in obscuri-
ty; the genius and wit of Edgar made
him friends, and his poverty and ex-
cessive pride were soon lost in the ad-
miration his associates betrayed for his
high intellectual qualities. He became
an accomplished poet, his songs were
sung by romantic little misses with de-
light—his odes were recited on public
occasions, and his *bon mots* even at-
tributed to Dean Swift, Ben Johnson,
Sheridan, &c. for no one ever thought
of Joe Miller.

Edgar with all his strength of mind
and nobleness of nature was weak
enough to fall in love—and with an
amiable and lovely girl too, who pos-
sessed every recommendation a poet
could wish; a man of the world might
say she wanted one thing—money.
The story of their loves would be no-
thing uncommon, so I shall pass all
that over. The affection was mutual,
and so they got married in the usual
way of forming a co-partnership.

Edgar Sinclair was, to use his own
expression, born under an unlucky star
with an iron spoon in his mouth. He
loved his wife dearly, as all husbands
should do, and he paid dearly for his
love, for she was too lovely a girl to be
snubbed at, and he too proud to allow
her to appear a jot behind others in
point of fashion. Things went on for
a while swimmingly, for Edgar had
friends who would help him out of diffi-
culties. But in the course of time, he
was reduced to a minus quantity: i. e.
he owed more than he had a prospect
of paying. To confess poverty is to all
men a task; to him it was a degrada-
tion—his proud nature scorned it—he
sold out all he had—paid what he
could, and left the rest to chance. His
wife very wisely accommodated her
desires to her husband's means, and he
loved her ten times more for it. Fre-
quently they had to go without a din-
ner for the want of the ready to pay
the butcher and the baker—such is
the fate of genius.

The ready wit and humor of Edgar
gave him a passport to the first circles;
for many a purse-proud personage,
while he loves to mark the brightest
scintillations of genius, little reck the
grief that is cracking the heart-strings
of the being from whom they emanate.
He received an invitation from a South-
ern nabob to dine, which was, of course,
accepted. His wife asked him, as he
dressed himself for the feast with an

appetite well whetted, if he would
think of her while he sat at the sumptu-
ous table? The hint was broad
enough: Edgar kissed her care-worn
cheeks, while a blush mantled his own,
and told her he would not forget her.

All things went on smoothly—south-
erners are noble hosts, they know well
how to cater for hungry guests. The
table was richly laden with viands
of various kinds. Edgar's jokes gave a
zest to the whole, and, had it not been
for one malapropos, the company might
have separated grateful to the host and
delighted with the humorist. But
there was mortification in store for
Edgar, and, in fact for the whole com-
pany.

As the champagne was going its mer-
ry rounds, and as all hearts were rife
with glee, the steward informed the
host that two of his massy table spoons
were missing, and that the waiters had
all been searched, and that the articles
could not be found. A gentleman im-
mediately proposed that each one pre-
sent should be searched—but the host
most positively declined—he had too
much respect for his friends—he could
not for a moment suspect any gentle-
man present. But it would not do, the
company insisted on being searched,
and the host proceeded reluctantly to
the task. After examining the pockets
of several, he came to Edgar, on whose
visage the white and red might be seen
alternately coming and going.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sinclair—but it is
the wish of the company."

"I—I—I—cannot be searched, Mr.
B——" retorted Edgar, coloring
highly,—"my standing in society
should place me above suspicion—and
I assure you, on my honor as a gentle-
man, I have not got the spoons."

A slight murmur went round the ta-
ble, and Mr. B—— seemed very
much agitated. "O! come, come Sin-
clair," said a gentleman, "you certainly
would not be singular in this case—
turn your pockets inside out."

"When I need your advice, sir, I
shall ask it," replied Edgar, coloring
still more deeply—"I cannot submit to
the search—it is a thing I am not used
to—though I assure you all, gentlemen,
on my honor, I know nothing of the
spoons."

All entreaties were unavailing, Ed-
gar would not allow his pockets to be
touched; and he therefore stood ac-
cused of theft!—Taking his hat and
cane, and almost bursting over his
wounded pride, though he endeavoured
with all his might not to expose the
contest of feeling raging in his bosom,
he walked firmly to the door, and bow-
ing to the company, retired. When
he entered the street his feelings found
vent, and he burst into tears—his honor
stigmatized—his reputation ruined for-
ever. His wife received him with her
usual kindness; but he heeded her not;
he retired to bed and passed a night
more of phrenzy than of repose.

In the morning he received a note
from Mr. B——, desiring his im-
mediate attendance, at his house. Thib-
er Edgar went, conscious of his inno-
cence, and prepared to divulge his
secret.

"Tell me," said Mr. B——, taking
him kindly by the hand, "tell me sin-
cerely, why you refused to be searched
last evening, when the company pro-
posed it?—I did not believe you guilty
at the time, and my belief has since
been verified—the spoons were thrown
into the yard by a careless servant,
who shook the cloth without exami-
ning it. Speak to me with confidence,
I have ever thought you an honorable
man."

After several struggles between
pride and duty, Edgar replied—

"Your disinterested generosity, sir,
commands my admiration; and I am
not ashamed to confess to you that I
have abused your liberality. I am
poor, sir—miserably poor—at your ta-
ble I sated myself with luxuries—I
thought of my wife, who had not had a
dinner for two days. A tempting *leg*
of a turkey lay on the dish, I thought
it no harm, you might have given it to
your dogs—so I slyly slipped it into my
handkerchief, and deposited it in my
pocket. Judge of my mortification,
sir, when the gentlemen proposed that
we should be searched for the spoons—
my poverty and meanness to be ex-
posed—it was more than my pride would
bear, and I refused—for, I would rather
be accused of robbing the mail, than
be guilty of embezzling the left leg of
a turkey."

From the Baltimore Gazette.
ANECDOTES OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

The following anecdotes respecting
the late Stephen Girard, are now go-
ing the rounds of the newspapers, and
are characteristic of the man.

A young sailmaker of Philadelphia
called on Mr. Girard for the purpose of
buying a large quantity of Duck, which
he wished to make up into sails. He
was a stranger to Mr. G. and was not
prepared to advance the cash for the
article he wanted; of course Mr. G.
told him he must procure some respon-
sible name as surety on his note. The
sailmaker agreed to the proposal, and

said, "I will return in a few minutes.
Mr. Girard, with a note fixed accord-
ing to your request,—and will you lend
me a hand cart, to convey the canvas
to my sail-loft?" "Certainly, sir; but
do you intend to cart it down your-
self?" "Yes I do, to be sure." "But
why do that—why not get some poor
man to do it for you?" "Because," re-
plied the sailmaker, "if I do it myself,
I shall save a shilling." "Very well,
sir, you shall have my cart, and I will
take your note without an endorser."

Mr. Girard one day asked a truckman
in his employ, why he did not build him-
self a house, to which he replied that he
was too poor having a numerous family
dependent upon him. "Well," said he,
"follow my directions and you will be
able. This morning there is a cargo
sale of molasses, on ——— wharf; go
and buy the whole lot, I will become
surety for the payment." The man
went accordingly, and on the molasses
being put up, one hoghead or the
whole lot, started at a very low rate.
The bystanders who were all whole-
sale dealers, supposing that the man only
wanted one hoghead, would not
bid upon him, it was accordingly struck
off. Much to their surprise, he told
the auctioneer he would take the
whole lot, naming his endorser, and
before he left the spot, disposed of his
bargain at an advance sufficient to
build him a snug tenement.

From the People's Friend and Gazette.
REMINDANCE OF ADAM KLEIBE.
THE LAST OF THE JOCKEY MEN.

"I knew him well; he was
turned of fifty—his dark, keen eye ap-
peared to have lost but little of its nat-
ural fire—his complexion was dark,
and his features variable as the Aurora
Borealis, but always at his control.
He was under the middle-size, natu-
rally straight, though he walked a little
stooped and lame from habit. He pos-
sessed a peculiar faculty of relaxing
his features and changing the lively
piercing expression of his eyes into
that kind of vacant stare which usually
denotes a lack of understanding."

Standing one day near a window in
a bar room—his face hanging appar-
ently very loose upon him, and the to-
bacco juice leaking, drop after drop,
from the corner of his mouth—he was
constantly at short intervals, pulling a
watch from his fob, and regarding it
with a degree of satisfaction; occasion-
ally turning his face towards a couple
of travellers who were sitting by the
fire in the same room—as if he wished
them to know he possessed a watch and
still trying to conceal that wish.

One of the travellers (Judge N——,
from the South) said to his companion,
"what a pitiful object!—Let us see
what value he sets upon his watch;"
whereupon, taking a gold repeater
from his own pocket, he called Kleibe
to him and asked him how he would
swap watches.

"Mine! Cot! think I would kiff mine
seelver watch for your brass un?"

"Your watch looks like a very good
one," said Judge N——; "how came
you by it?"

"Then I shall show you how I got
'em," returned Kleibe, presenting an
old pack of cards; "pull out that leetle
paper and see wat's on 'em." This
Judge N—— did merely to gratify
him, and put it into the pack again.
After shuffling them in a most awkward
manner, Kleibe again presented the
pack to be cut, which was also done by
the Judge.

"Now I'll bet mine seelver watch
upon your brass un, dis top cart is de
Jack o' trumps."

"What do you mean by the Jack of
trumps?" asked Judge N——.

"I mean so exactly as I say—I will
bet my seelver watch upon your brass
un, dis top cart is de Jack o' shpades."

"Then you would lose your watch—
you are mistaken in the card," said
the Judge; for in this apparent anxiety
and carelessness, the other kept slip-
ping the card in question so as to give
him a pretty fair view of its face which
discovered it to be diamonds instead of
spades.

Kleibe insisted that he was right.
"I swear by the wale wat made Jonas
eat, dis is no mistake."

Placing his gold watch on a chair
where the jockey had already deposited
his, beside which he had also laid the
cards, "I will convince you," said
Judge N——, "how certainly you
would lose your watch."

"Well then, you turn 'em up," said
Kleibe, carefully taking hold of the
chains of both watches. Judge N——
turned the card and sure enough, it
was the Jack of spades! "By Heavens
the fellow has won it!" he exclaimed,
while our hero danced away to the
other end of the room to examine his
prize.

"Come back here and tell me what
you will take for that brass watch,"
said Judge N—— recovering from a
momentary surprise.

"I exactly cant tell till I examine
'em first," returned the jockey; pressing
the stem to make it repeat; then open-
ing it, he moved a spring that caused
it to repeat in a different manner.

The Judge sat on nettles: Most I
suffer that fellow to finger my watch
which I never allowed a friend to
open?"

"You forget yourself—it is not
yours," said his companion, hardly able
to restrain his mirth.

His Honor bit his lip in vexation.
"Come here, I say, and tell me what
you will take for that brass watch."

Kleibe walked towards him with a
meat that would well become a man of
better business remarking, "Sir, this is
an excellent watch, the chain too is
very valuable—I perceive each link is
a letter composing probably your name;
you can have it for twenty five dollars."
The money was paid and the watch
restored; after which the jockey called
for wine, and said, turning to the
Judge—"I always treat my friends
when I have a full purse; you will
please take a glass of wine and this bit
of caution. *Never bet with a man who
holds the game in his own hands.*"

A short and comprehensive Sermon—from
the Portsmouth Journal.

Newspaper Borrowers—Reader, if you
borrow this paper send it right back—
as you may feel cheap after you have fin-
ished this paragraph.

If the tailor sends a new coat home to
you, would you think your neighbor
fair in his request for the first use of it?

If the baker leaves you a hot loaf,
should you like to lend it, and have it
returned cold, with the corners knawed
off?

If the penny-post leaves you a letter
on your counter should you think it
right in your neighbor to seize it, be-
fore you had time to read it, to tally a
load of potatoes on it, and thank you
for the use of it some hours after,
should he not be so unfortunate as to
loose it?

If these things are not right then it
is not right to borrow a newspaper on the
day that it is published.

We have received a request from one
of our subscribers to discontinue his pa-
per for the present, for no other reason
than that he is plagued by borrowers.
We presume that they are not such
persons as he can very well deny the
use of the paper. So it is with you, bor-
rower, whoever you are!—The person
who lent you this, altho' he apparently
did it with much pleasure, wished that
you would take the paper yourself, and
not take his new coat, hot loaf and letter,
before he has made full use of them him-
self.

"LOVELY WOMEN."—We said in the
last Mail, "More 'Lovely Women,' and
more Masonry very soon."—But little
did we think that on the same day we
should have witnessed such a scene as
we did at the Court House in Hagers-
town. A good looking young man was
put upon trial on a criminal accusation,
—presently, a lady, full of youth and
beauty, was seen in the Court House,
with a green calash and went up and
took a seat near the prisoner. Some-
thing was said about her being pres-
ent, and a friend told her she had bet-
ter leave the Court House; but with
tears in her eyes, she said she would
rather stay. She remained until one
of his counsel gave her a hint that she
had better retire,—she did so, and took
her stand in the dark recess under the
Judge's seat and remained there until
the jury had retired, when after much
persuasion, she went to a private room
in an adjoining Hotel. There she re-
mained with a few of her own sex, trem-
bling with hope and fear, until the
Jury came down.

A friend went to tell her the result
of 'Not Guilty,' but remained silent.
'Oh! it is all over, she said. In a mo-
ment after the door flew open and she
was in her husband's arms, and gave
vent to her joy in a flood of tears.

This scene brought to our memory
the beautiful song—"Come rest on this
bosom my own stricken deer." Here
was 'Lovely Woman,' saying in lan-
guage more powerful than words,
'I know not, I ask not if guilt's in thy heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.'

We loved 'Lovely Woman' enough
before, but this scene showed her to us
in a new aspect—we had read roman-
tic tales of such subjects, but this was
all reality, all pure nature. Perish the
man who would caluminate woman.

The Mail.

GOODWIN & WILSTACH,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,
No. 3, Upper Market, (or Fifth) Street, at
the old sign of the

GOOD SAMARITAN,
Cincinnati, Ohio. Wholesale & Retail deal-
ers in

Drugs, Medicines,
PAINTS, OILS,
VARNISHES,
DYE-STUFFS,
Window-Glass, &c. &c.
July 23, 1831. 29—6 mo

Job Printing
Of all kinds Executed at this Office, on
short Notice.

FLOUR & CORN MEAL
Will be received at this Office on subscription.

DEARBORN COUNTY,
DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

David Palmer,
Plaintiff,
vs.
Wm. C. Vanhouten,
Hannah Vanhouten,
Cornelius W. Vanhouten,
and Isaac Vanhouten.
On complaint
in chancery.

NOTICE is hereby given to William C.
Vanhouten, Hannah Vanhouten, Cor-
nelius W. Vanhouten, and Isaac Vanhouten;
that the said David Palmer has filed his bill
of complaint on the chancery side of said
court, praying amongst other things, that the
said defendants be compelled to make him a
deed in fee simple for certain lands in the
said Bill described; the defendants aforesaid
will therefore take notice, that unless they be
and appear before the Judges of the Dear-
born circuit court, in chancery sitting; at
their Term to be holden in and for the said
county of Dearborn, on the fourth Monday
in March next, then and there to answer to,
gainsay, or deny the matters in the said bill
stated, the same as to them will be taken as
confessed, and the matters therein prayed for
decreed accordingly. By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831. 51—3w

DEARBORN COUNTY,
DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

Justus M. Cure,
Plaintiff,
vs.
Andrew S. Winings,
and James Winings.
On foreign attach-
ment in Debt.

NOTICE is hereby given to Andrew S.
Winings, and James Winings, that Justus
M. Cure, the plaintiff aforesaid, has
sued out of the clerk's office of the Dearborn
circuit court, his writ of foreign attachment
in an action of debt—and that the same has
been returned by the Sheriff of Dearborn as
follows, to wit: "Attached twenty acres of
land part of the N. W. q. of section 15—
Town 5, Range 2, West, in the county of
Dearborn." Now, therefore, the said de-
fendants are hereby notified, that unless they
appear, file special bail, receive a declaration,
and plead to the action aforesaid within one
year from the September Term of the Dear-
born circuit court, 1831, Judgment will be
entered against them by default, and the
land so attached will be sold for the benefit
of their creditors. By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831. 51—3w

NOTICE.

THE subscriber takes this method to
give general information to the public,
that his

CLOTH DRESSING

works are in full operation, and having em-
ployed an experienced hand to do the busi-
ness, he flatters himself that he will be able
to give general satisfaction to those who may
favor him with their custom. The prices
will be as follows:

For London Brown full cloth 25 cts. p'ry'd
" London Smoke do. 20 "
" Snuff do. 10 "
" Green do. 20 "
" Black do. 20 "
" Navy Blue do. 20 "
" Deabls do. 12 1/2 "

All other work low in proportion.

N. B. For the accommodation of those
living at a distance, he has made arrange-
ments with George Tousey of Lawrence-
burgh to receive cloth at his store, where it
will be taken by him and returned when fin-
ished; he has also made the same arrange-
ments at Mr. Plummers store in Manchester
township.

EDMUND BOND.

White-water Mills, Oct. 5th, 1831. 40—2mo

DEARBORN COUNTY,
DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT.

September Term, 1831.

Abraham Blauvelt
Plaintiff,
vs.
William C. Vanhouten,
Hannah Vanhouten,
Cornelius W. Vanhouten,
and Isaac Vanhouten.
On complaint
in chancery.

NOTICE is hereby given to William
C. Vanhouten, Hannah Vanhouten,
Cornelius W. Vanhouten, and Isaac Vanhou-
ten; that Abraham Blauvelt has filed against
them his bill of complaint on the chancery
side of the Dearborn circuit court, praying,
amongst other things, that they be com-
pelled to make him a deed in fee simple for cer-
tain lands in the said bill described; the said
defendants are therefore hereby notified, that
unless they be and appear before the Judges
of the Dearborn circuit court in chancery
sitting, at their Term on the fourth Monday
in March next, then and there to answer to,
to, gainsay, or deny the bill aforesaid, the
same will be taken as confessed, and the mat-
ters therein prayed for, decreed accordingly.
By order of the court.

JAMES DILL, Clerk.

December 19, 1831. 51—3w

Blank Deeds,
For sale at this Office.

Rags! Rags!
TWO cents per pound in Cash will be
given for any quantity of clean Cotton and
Linen Rags at this office.

INDIANA PALLADIUM,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
DAVID V. OULLEY,
Publisher of the Laws of the United States.

TERMS. The Palladium is printed
weekly, on super royal paper, at THREE DOL-
LARS, per annum paid at the end of the year;
but which may be discharged by the payment
of TWO DOLLARS in advance, or by paying
TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS at the
expiration of six months.

Those who receive their papers by the mail
carrier, must pay the carriage, or otherwise it will
be added to their subscription.